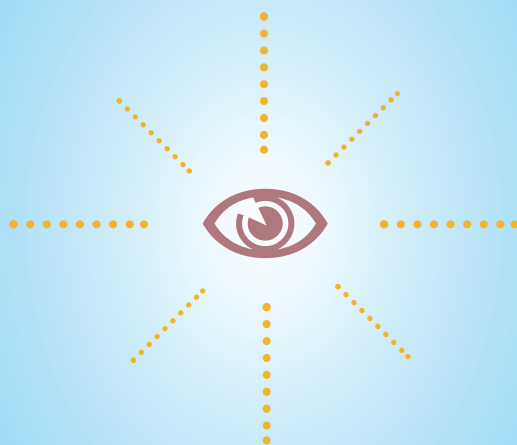


CINESCRIPTURE.1



M E T A - T O U R I S M

interior landscapes /
digital thoughtography

MARK AMERIKA

OAHU/MAUI, 2001



**“NOTHING WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE
BUT THE PLACE ITSELF...”**

DIGITAL BEING:

This figure, this figure is absent — and in its absence it somehow resembles me.



I am its resemblance, the infinite variety forever crossing a threshold, a receding threshold that rejects my crossing it even as I continue tracing my movements in its direction.

This is what it means to e x p a n d
the concept of writing.

This is what it means to survive.

NOT ONLY CAN THERE BE NO ORIGINAL, THE SIMULACRUM HAS NOW LOST ITS PUNCH TOO.

Aura is interface. Fleeting: interactive nomadism circulating within the consumer flesh.

There is only perception: the experience of seeing what is there in front of our eyes and capturing that thereness in the experiential act of perception.

Yet this experiential act of perception, while losing sight of itself and slipping into a percolating interiority always ready to alter what is seen into something extra-real, is loaded with meaning-potential and begins to grow on you.

A seeing-fungus, or rhizome vision, it becomes you, forming a rhetorical interplay of LIFE STYLE PRACTICE in one continuous act, a hostile takeover that stops you from dumbing down your existence. If only you could get away from the need to get away, to see things for what they are, to move beyond them, to methodically self-reflect, to intuitively go meta.

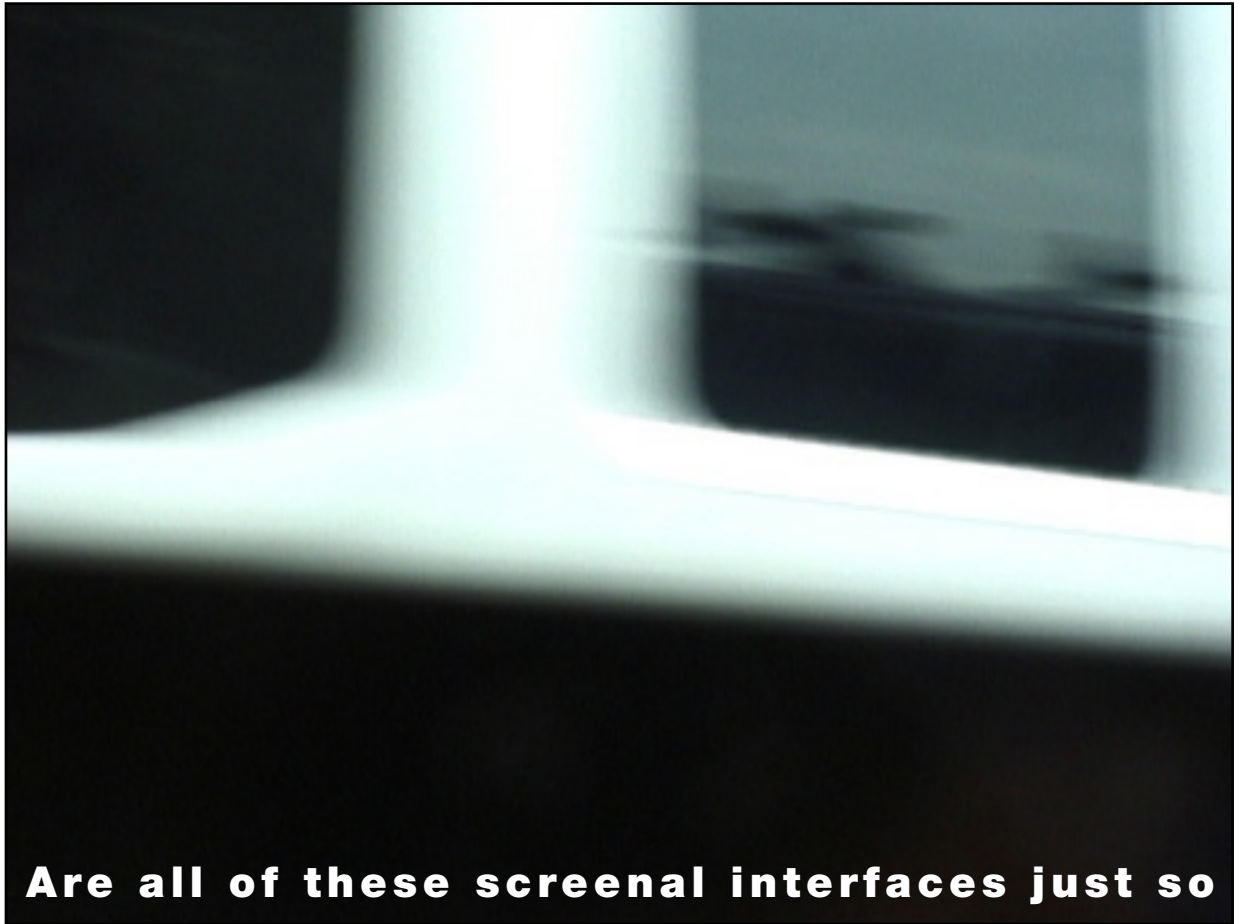
This interior landscape that always "comes with" you, that ejaculates itself in writing beyond category no matter the medium, grows on you, like a permanent fungus that spreads throughout your perception so that you can not help yourself from bringing more meaning to what you see.

DEPTH: is meaning already part of the perception and one is given a chance to discover it, or is it never there, an invisible friend who you imagine is always with you but no one else sees or cares to know?

OR MAYBE THIS "GLUE OF MINDS" that is always gnawing at the root-edge of your perception-consciousness is a looming critifictional satire on the life that has been forced upon you and every other conscious being that circulates through history's course bloodstream?

THERE ARE WAYS OF SEEING. It is always a pluralized seeing, a multicourse of possibility. The potential to see what is not there creates an unsettled angst that problematizes the experience of seeing, of being the seer, of being seen. Even if what is seen cannot look back, there is always going to be the seeing itself, and one way around the problematized experience of this act of seeing is to execute the image, to shoot it, to kill it, to give it its last rites as image.

IS THE IMAGE A PORTAL TO THE OTHER?



**Are all of these screenal interfaces just so
much window dressing?**

**Ultimate execution:
a snapshot that captures your
seeing for you. Image killer, rogue
denaturalizer, performative gesture, artist.**

««« • »»»

Fleeting perception of the interactive nomad
(know-mad) always in search of meaning-potential.
Who is this digital thoughtographer who takes
photos of the end of the world?

The Executioner.

Still-life image : moving image : animated image :
imagetext. Charging the language with meaning to
the utmost possible degree, the digital
thoughtographer uses whatever data is at his
disposal.

He's asked to describe his new project.

As usual, he has multiple answers, each specific
answer depending on who he is, when. Now he is a
digital filmmaker discovering a new narrative
strategy ready for network implementation:

"It's a movie about a search engine...a portal to
the Other...the dysfunctional logic of creating
inter-face value in the new media economy...a Book
about Digital Being: coded cinescripture."

LITERARY PRE/CURSOR.

The desktop interface reveals an email from the other side of earth.
The questioner asks:

“Who are the ghosts in the literary machine?”

He has an answer:

“CGI, html, mp3, ‘ffffff’...”

Once executed, the picture is terminal. Every photo is DOA: dead on arrival. No perambulating sensation of “telling it like it is” will rescue this image-cadaver from its one fine certainty. You could lay out all of the pictures ever developed from all of shots taken from all of the cameras of the world, lay them on one never-ending optical stretcher, a flatbed scanner that expands throughout the galaxies and that desperately wants to capture the pulse of history, of life’s extant memory.

You can try and wheel this gurney of collective perception-consciousness out into its own existential orbit so that it asserts its far-reaching enterprise into solar systems unknown, spinning it like a roulette planet in hopes that when it finally stops turning in on itself, something residual will appear and make the image something MORE, something universal in its conscious capturing of the world in motion. But it’s to no use. they are all DOA, and all you have left is wishing.

**Wishing upon a star, that a settlement of
aliens from afar, will come to this place
and find a way to make us see (again).**

Angels of mercy: network operators who perform the perfect anti-aesthetic gesture, who eat the world and excrete it like so many worm castings. Out of internal necessity.

And who make us see again.

There are emptinesses to be filled with nothing but seeing — and in seeing, being nothing but that which fills our eyes with the ghosts of digital thoughtography.

These DOA images are markers. They point the way to culture's last supper, its piecemeal endgame, a few pieces of tissue stuck on last bone, while the ravenous consumers who crave nothing but potential meaning, are left starving.

Cannibals at heart, they assume that in a dog-eat-dog world of perpetually manipulated realities, it's only their growing body of work captured on silicon that matters most, and when this work is coded — historically embedded, culturally contextualized — so that it may be distributed to future ancestors whose alien souls are everywhere, life becomes a Book of Sand.

What sort of alien creature, literary pre/cursor, traversing the Book of Sand, would even try and translate this open view of the world into an articulated multicourse of potential meaning – and to what purpose?

There is an infinitesimal black hole that hides within each pixel of the photo. It is a courageous blindspot, a luxurious cancer that awaits its direct order. It is the cancer of meaning.

Perhaps one can try and surgically remove it?

In doing so, you can take this photo and resubmit it to an automated device that will perform arbitrary functions guaranteed to alter the photo as easy as a child taking a black crayon and consequently mutilating the perfectly bleached white sheets they were consummated on.

This digital construction [image-perception?] is ideally suited to quick manipulation. High-definition manipulation.

W Y S I S Y G S U B J E C T I V I T Y :



**QUICKTIME ÉCRITURE IN
DIGITAL LANDSCAPE.**

“Every piece of writing, on the outside of its treasure, must — out of respect for those from whom, after all, it borrows the language, for a different purpose — present with the words a meaning, even if an unimportant one: there is an advantage to turning away the idler, who is charmed that nothing here concerns him at first sight.”

Conceptually speaking, the retinal has given way to the ideational which has, in turn, given way to the digital.

Seeing-Form, the residue of all lost causes, suffers from negative hallucinations, i.e. not seeing what is actually there.

Seeing-Form, the measure of Cinescripture as it tells a different story every time.

This story is no different.

Degradation is idyllic. To blur is to be.

And now: script actions. Forcing the image to behave, a robotic creature that does as you say. A submissive image whose job it is to turn you on, to keep you stimulated, to stop you from thinking about your next move.

So, okay, Forget DOA imagism, the so-called “death of experience” as consumed by megapixel triumphalism. Let’s assume something has changed, that it’s now the DNA of pictorial imagery that rules the day (and night, with automatic flash ready-for-red-eye-[or-not] and the next alien race).

To be is to blur. Is to behave, to take on an action and do, as in rhetorically suggest oneself, to submit as evidence.

The image as evidence of a LIFE STYLE PRACTICE in development. A developing practice where images are doctored and then rhetorically displayed in hopes of generating an increased network value in the marketplace of **i d e a s .**

And then there’s the high-resolution P-R-I-N-T reality whose shuttering speed is meant to help us see what we never see but that’s always there, but why do we want to see it? So we can be it?

Watch out, or you just might find what you're looking for.

Each infinitesimal black hole of social subjectivity hidden inside every pixel of every image to have ever been digitally recorded, to have ever seen the light of day — forming a community of well-behaved image-potentials ready for action.

Transmitted via electronic sand debris, the image sits — and waits. It waits patiently — almost too patiently — wanting nothing but to fill its proper space.

Is it still alive?

Is it still, still?

Time is no longer relevant to this deceased apparition. It has stellar patience, a child of the sun burning itself out in a pace slow enough to suggest an ur-resiliency.

Batteries not required.

BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS.

The infinitesimal black holes,
a distributed community of digital
thoughography, have become networked.
Becoming Networked is now perceived as
being conducted. And being conducted is
being digital.

Who are the Network Conductors?

Who writes the Action Scripts?

In my mind, I point and click on You.

How will you respond?

What will you do?

How will you behave?

Where will you take me?





Excerpts from a conversation never captured on disk:

DIGITAL THOUGHTOGRAPHER: "What I want to know is: where is the inter-face value?"

NETWORK CONDUCTOR: "What I want to know is: how do you project a writing practice?"

DT: "This is how we expand the concept of writing."

NC: "He's turning PR into Pure Research."

DT: "Cyborg mythology."

NC: "Artificial intellegentsia."

DT: "Sometimes I feel like a a tele-nomadic digital construction lost in a screaming media fiction..."



This is what it feels like to be a wireless apparatus...



...a streaming consciousness always on the avant-go.

I'M NOT EVEN SURE I CAN SEE ANYTHING ANYMORE.

My perception — my field of perception — is traumatized with thought. Endless questioning thoughts that doubt whatever it is I see wherever I see it. Is it real?

It can't be real. It can't be real because I've never seen it before and unless I've seen it before I don't know it and if I don't know it how it can it be real?

So seeing, for me, becomes an act of knowing. It is a simultaneous act that processes my behavior as a kind of LIFE STYLE PRACTICE, an experiential-knowledge base that spurs me on to creation.

I open my eyes again and this time I see the residue of digital awareness.

Of being in the right place at the right time.



The Digital Thoughtographer burns
more data into the electrosphere:

This is not a museum.

This is a live archive.

An Anti-Document.

We are processing an event.

We: The Network Author.

As event.

The event replaces the object.

The event distributes its collective aura.

The event navigates through its arbitrary social space.

It is nomadic.

An ever-shifting nomadic event processing language.

**Art is what you say it is = who
who said that?**

Think of the term “LIFE STYLE PRACTICE.”

***Or think of the term “subject matter” – the subject is
the object and matter is process.***

***Ways of seeing: of evolving a networking operation vis a
vis anti-aesthetic conduction: of being digital.***

Of being digital subject matter.

Walking through the sands of time.

A refuted time.

A time suffocated by terminal space.

The ONLY place worth living in.

***Where the network conductor streams his energy
routines in an on-the-fly remix of coded subjectivity.***

READING THE DATA AND CONSIDERING WAYS OF MANIPULATING IT.

I survey the digital landscape and take in the picture of the world it creates for me. My eyes cannibalize the scene and I immediately find myself in surf-sample-manipulate mode. Everything is fair game, including this fast-disappearing interface I find myself operating in.

I will certainly write over it, either with more pictures or maybe some audio. And I will text the image – as in “text the environment” – I’m really into texting the environment.

In this case, the image environment.
To bring the dead back to life, again.

To text: a verb, as in: to rhetorically manipulate the data so that an alternative form of persuasion is suggested and possibly effects the way the interactive Other receives the data.

Texting the image enables me to bring value-added meaning to the overall ART experience.

Easy enough.

I cannot stop myself from texting the data.

That is essentially my role in life.

Is who I am.

A Digital Thoughtographer.

One bodystream a meta-text versioning history unwinding.

One version.

Latest version.

The Instantaneous Remix.

An amorous avatar navigating ur-social reality. __

I too am mere image.



Reflective material forming
shadow on sand and rock.

10 "Inert, all burns in the fierce hour."

20

30 The Book of Sand inevitably becomes a
40 meditation on itself and being such,
50 constantly questions itself in whatever
60 way seems necessary.

70

80 In questioning comes not answers, but
90 movement.

100

110 Wanderings.

120

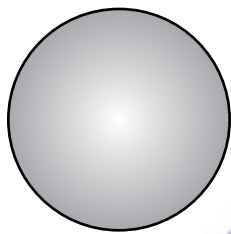
130 Perambulating thoughtography.

140

150 The tribe of words translating idea-
160 movement triggered by the experiences of
170 the network conductor.

180

190 "Who writes the Action Scripts?"



*If you could stream a consciousness,
what would it look like?*

If you could embed a code, what would it sound like?

If you could dream a material reality, where would it take place?

If you could listen to the therapeutic energy fields of a particular color, what would it smell like?

Would it smell like a story that quenches your thirst?

Would it smell like a world composed only of liquid sand running through your endless, hour-glass fingers with no end in sight?

Would it smell like the end of time?

The beginning of timelessness?

If you could derange your sense of narrative convenience and remix a totally other kind of rhetorical environment, how would you navigate through it?

Would you drive your field of perception into the information superhighway and pick up alien hitchhikers seeking exposition in a raw, dismembered galaxy?

Or would you steer your dysfunctional apparatus into the mouth of a ravenous body snatcher who only has one thing on their mind and that's your own good fortune?

If you could swallow silence and become the future in an irreconcilable instant, what would you do to make history?

...to turn that badly burned body into a savory of pure pleasure?

What would it taste like?

Would it taste like YOU?

WOULD YOU GIVE IT UP FOR FREE?

Would you roll your tongue at it and think deep thoughts while slurping the only known cure for cancer?

Could a despotic, numbed musculature, rain its heavenly syrup all over your fleeting borders?

How would that create the greatest corruption scandal of your administration and would you respond to all of the media attention by easily gliding yourself into a drowning pool of warm bodies operating on auto-pilot?

If you could manage to betray an otherwise sacred feeling to disrupt your own personal logos from becoming what it already was, what kind of promiscuous pain reliever would you take and where would you take it?

Would you take it up there?

Is there room for it?

Is there ever any room for it?

The word takes death at its word.

WYSIWYG.

A black market in subjectivity.

Corrupt bodies corrupting other corrupt bodies.

Bodies of knowledge.

Knowledge-potential.

The knowledge-potential circulating in one nomadic body always ready to empty itself into the consumer flesh of the model Other.

A totally wired, out of control system of knowledge-potential slamming into your wanting-it body until it gives in, until it succumbs to the hammering glow of the bursting image spilling its demon leakage deep inside you.



This is me when I'm coming...



When I am alienated from alienation itself.

The fix is in, lustfully circulating inside you, image-junk.com looking for its next round of adventure capital.

The intangible value of a nomadic concept in search of justification, the naked possibility of courting corporeal dollars sweating salty piles of crocodile tears all the way to the bank where riverrun streams of revenue models dress up like smug ken and barbie dolls staging a market comeback.

A totally wired, out of control system of desire-potential tonguing your wanting-it body until it gives in, until it succumbs to the light-touch glow of the slippery image spreading its plug-n-play, ease of use, agency-application all over you.

There is no more resistance.

A soft whimper, the pain of finding new pleasure, comes out of your mouth, both of your mouthes, all of your mouthes, every last one of them, endless opening of mouthes gaping with sex appeal, with want - need - desire - lust.

**"Now we must sleep, forgetting
blasphemy, stretched out upon the
parched sand and as it pleases me
to open my mouth to the fruitful
star of wine!"**

**The image [a blur motion dilemma that
translates as "Who Am I Now?"] has burnt
itself into my head and makes me want to
feel myself coming, whatever that can
possibly mean.**

**For now, it means nothing, and this what I
like about it because the more I want to
feel myself coming and the more it means
nothing to me, the more I can latch on to
its terminal character, its circuitous plot,
its empty yet livable setting.**

Once again, after years of silence, of robo-inspired comatose victimization, something is twisting inside you, a serene something that wants to be acknowledged.

Call it a nerve-tinted color of noise that deranges the senses, as if desire itself were a kind of new-age nanotechnology whose synaesthetic properties were ready to transgress your own tight aura causing a volcanic reaction of over a million micro-explosions, the time of your life as measured against Time, as measured against eternity and the fad of Being.

Something is afoot, a self-organizing autopoeitic environment dispossessing itself of itself so as to better navigate through the mystical terrain of silent functionality called nomadic Life Style Practice, the post-body discourse, a discontinuous formulation that blurs and fades.

Digital Being.

To be is to blur. Is to behave, to take on an action and do, as in rhetorically suggest oneself, to submit as evidence.

And then, fade to black...

OPENING SHOT

Red wind rocks the dream landscape as the desert empties itself of filmic impulse and drips more words on to the screen:

"Another roll of the dice?"

CUT TO

Digital landscape. Desert apparition of a dream. A dream with wind and solitude and barely legible letteral figurations streaming in the sand (out of the rocks).

Soundtrack drones on (like a cluster of electronic acid loops speaking with broken tongues).

Voiceover

"This is it, his last attempt at making sense, or deriving a kind of sense from an overwhelming desire to text an environment. He says that it's a new media film, a conceptual art ebook, an mp3 concept album, a large-scale net art retrospective without the propoganda. 'My life,' he insists, 'is nothing but a database of narrative information that manifests itself as a visual interface virtually distributing itself through a networked, screen-based apparatus.' Then, just before he disappears, his hand, the thing he animates his actions with, pulls the plug and we think it may be all over.

"But it's not. He's wireless. And as with his lovers, he purposely tests his instrument through non-stop hot-swapping."

Close-up on the Book of Protocols.

The Book of Protocols takes on a body, reclaims its position in the world, expectorates its long forgotten voice, an automated voice produced in the antiquated art factory, a circumspect non-place where value, like all fashionable bodies swinging in the innocence of impressionable moments, becomes wildly corrupted and forced to respond to a greater power, a power that can only be a kind of flirting consciousness, one ready to ejaculate itself into the temperamental measure you measure your measure with, the same one you measure time's rhythm with, while submitting to your own creations.

Is Time on your side?

Does Time take sides?

There's no time to think about it:
only generative happenstance.

H E R E I A M A G A I N . . .

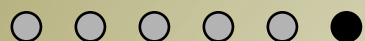


A kind of “Erased DeKooning” coming into digital being...

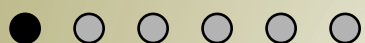
**Measuring Time's Rhythm:
The Book Beyond The Book.**



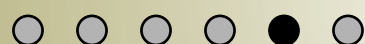
Art Is The Question: None Is The Answer



**Expanding The Concept of Writing:
A Social-Cyborgian MetaPlay**



**Hemorrhaging Compositions:
Dreaming Skull-Ruptures /
Networked Mindshare**



**MetaTourism:
Interior Landscapes /
Digital Thoughtography**



**Artificial Intelligentsia:
Turning Pure Research Into Flash PR**



**Conscious Capturing:
The Interface As Scene of Writing**



What happens when the body interfaces with an image in an act of conscious capturing?



When beauty is surveyed for supposedly artistic purposes, is the Peeping Tom committing an act of surveillance?



Is the Man With A (Movie) Camera a renegade spy?



An intellectual voyeur turned on by an ongoing ongoing montage of writerly effects?



For the self-appointed digital artist, why the enframing?



Why the lens?



Digital Being fights the impulse to capture the scene.



But do we all eventually succumb?

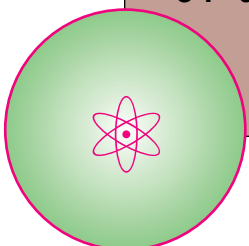


"NOTHING will have taken place
but the place itself..."

A place to wander: a wandering-place or, an
idea(l) placelessness that always searches and
re-replaces what has yet to become.

To become Digital Being.

Using Kino-Eye Cinescripture, the underlying
CODE OF DIGITAL BEING, to instigate
more cross-referential thoughtography, he
envisions a utopian peer-to-peer networking
protocol that obliterates the notion of
intellectual property in lieu of an idea(l)
apparatus whose endless search for meaning is
driven by a dream-narrative application that
resists closure, resists the need to locate the
perfectly created place, resists the entire idea
of a perfectly created place as the place-to-be.



**This Wanderlusting Concept-Character
that Fills the Void —the Digital
Thoughtographer — Authenticates the
Silence, Transmits Interface-Value.**

**The Journey to the End of the Night
Does Not Reach Its Much-Vaunted
Conclusion (Imaginary Endgame) at the
Light of Day. It Is Always Night, Always a
CU-SeeMe Interiorization of Night, of
Night in Narcosis, Blurring, an Action
Script Writing Out a Psychosynaesthetic
Language in Mercurial Quicktime.**

**These Are the Seasons of Hell Full
of Negative Hallucinations.**



**Of Not Seeing What Is Right Before Your
Eyes, Even as — Especially as — You Try
and Consciously Capture It, Sample It,
and Manipulate It While Adhering to a So-
Called Vision One Supposedly Possesses
as a Unique Filter Called Artist.**

Artist as Sleazy Drop-Down Menu.



Artist as Plug-In.

Plug-In Artist.

The journey proceeds by launching (by always initializing) a dream-narrative application whose sole purpose is to write into being the pseudo-auto-bio-graphical work-in-progress his Life Style Practice has become.

The Executioner is in eternal return. Shooting his image victims and drowning them in his image-reservoirs. The sound of drowning images blurring death in synaesthetic reappraisal is nothing if not music to his eyes.

The play of imagetexts dysfunctional in an electronica soundtrack subdued by downtempo beats enthralls him like a symphony of metaphors corrupted by a designer code developed especially for the occasion.

“What’s the occasion?”

“The occasion is Now.”

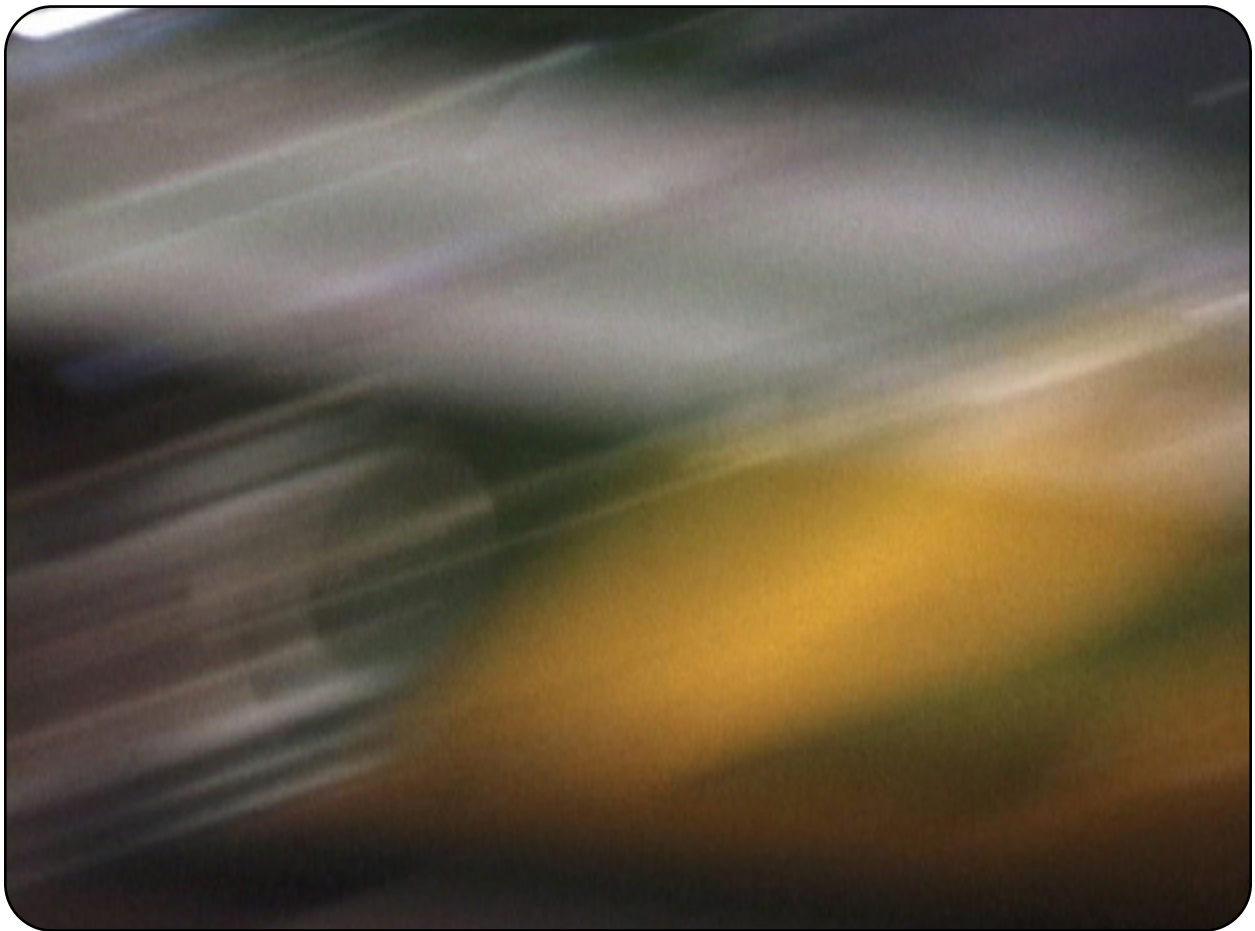
“As in?”

“As in: who am I NOW?”



**Am I an alien lightform transponding
improvisationally captured consciousness?**

**improvisationally captured consciousness?
Am I an alien lightform transponding**



**A randomly distributed network of sense data seducing
the environment I always find myself mediated in?**

While the application is running, he openendedly traverses more interior landscapes, a multitude of never-before-visited places that only he, as a unique medium, can cognitively map while wandering.

Sometimes he feels like he has been here before, at least once, perhaps many times, but each time the feeling changes and it's no longer déjà vu, or even (as Yogi Berra once said) "déjà vu all over again," no, it's something Other, something that he can only tap into when metaforecasting another event horizon, the sight that keeps moving further and further away even as he thinks he may be getting closer, which he is.

The Digital Thoughtographer strategizes his own death as if it were the flash selling point to his 400 year plan.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

...Amerikan wanderlust...

He closes his eyes and wanders the desert.

A Jew in exile feeling right at home.

He no longer has to see where he is going.



He no longer has to know where he is going.

He wants to unknow the known.

And by un-knowing the known, to know the unknown.

10 Destination unknown.
20 Destinarrativity.
30 Somewhere inside, where sleep
40 deprives him of the normality of
50 life's surface appearance of
60 things, another application
70 programs his next creative move --
80 which he translates into more
90 digital thoughtography using
100 advanced scripting languages he
110 has intuitively learned as a way
120 to ensure his survival.
130 He rips an idea off the shelf of
140 his mind, remixes it into an
150 imagetext of itself, and burns it
160 into his brain where a pixel-proxy
170 stands in and elaborates.
180
190 This is all done in real-time.
200 Real-time collaboration.
210
220 With who?
230
240 Who are the Network Conductors?
250 Who writes the Action Scripts?

<Ø>

**Mercurial Quicktime, aka The Digital
Thoughtographer, sees language into existence.**

**Traversing the hallucinogenic narrative space
he sometimes calls “My Loving Cy-Fi Western,”
he makes a proposition to himself:**

**“We have now entered the rapid-exposure world of
real-time collaboration/publication/exhibition where
you, reading him as something happening Now, co-
create an interactive fiction, a dream-narrative
application that randomizes image/music/text in
multi-screenal cross-media formats and platforms,
all of them embedded in a virtual environment that
somehow still feels REAL.”**

LIFE STYLE PRACTICE as WANDERING JEW.

**Wanderlust: the desire for more. More knowledge-
potential. More theoretical justification. More
creative exhibitionism (putting himself on display
— a cluster of performative gestures whose body
of work compiles all of the data that composes his
pseudo-autobiographical becomings).**

ORIGINS RIPPED, MIXED, BURNT,
OVERWRITTEN, LOOPED AND
PROJECTED.

The erasure mirroring itself in an
endless network of servers destined for
obsolescence.

Bodies corrupting bodies already
corrupted.

The Already Corrupted.

This feeling of corruption, of being
corrupt while corrupting, cannot go away.

Worse than a bad dream, it's a TV
docudrama featuring you and me, half an
earth away.

The only way out is to not see, not be
seen, to not be imaged.

But seeing is believing, is living.

Datstreams distributing a language virus
in meme-like heteroglossolalia.





MY LIGHTFORM MULTIPLIES ITSELF
IN RHIZOMATIC NARRATIVE FLOWS.
ALONG THE WAY, SOMETHING
ALWAYS GETS LEFT BEHIND.

SAVORING THE TASTE OF THE OTHER WHILE SWALLOWING A SHARED BREATH THAT TRANSLATES INTO A FLAME OF UR-EXISTENCE.

The Conceptual Designer living out their mortality as a resemblance of something altogether foreign and delicious, the bare facts stripped of their substance and left naked on a slab of undoing where the body loses all thoughts and becomes immersed in a borderland environment peaking with possibility.

Crossing over into the next phase of Now happening within, without, along the blurring narcosis of night tempting day, where the madness begins and ones built-in obsolescence feels like a Godsend high on oblivion.

Internal oblivion, red hot streaks of burning self ripped from all origin, sampled and remixed into a readymade desire whose gaseous eros gushes from the by now overflowing image-reservoirs and the dry amplitude of coming up against an unquenchable thirst, infinite absence of meaning shrouded in moments of unbounded emptiness, silence, color, and the interstellar void...

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BODY INTERFACES WITH AN IMAGE IN AN ACT OF CONSCIOUS CAPTURING?

When beauty is surveyed for supposedly artistic purposes, is the Peeping Tom committing an act of surveillance?

Is this sacrilegious?

How can the act of seeing, of consciously capturing an image, imprint on the eye the graven duplicity of the original?

Perhaps the only original moment is the one in which you see, or see yourself seeing, without even knowing it — at which point, not-knowing, leads you astray, away from an act of conscious capturing, and then what?

Is the Man With A (Movie) Camera a renegade spy secretly gathering information for "the other side"?

The IN-side?

For the self-appointed digital artist, why the enframing?

Why the lens?

The Necessary Angel in whose sight we see the world all over again?

Network Poetics: a socio-biological work-in-progress...

Resistance.

Digital Being fights the impulse to capture the scene.

Capturing the scene would mean having to text the environment all over again, and in so doing, fake a move toward meaning to the utmost possible degree.

Instead, the scene just happens.

A writing scene: a happening.

Using Kino-Eye Cinescripture (an ongoing ungoing filmtext in streaming metacommentary), the underlying code of Digital Being initiates more cross-referential thoughtography, envisioning a utopian peer-to-peer (P2P) networking operation that obliterates intellectual property in lieu of an idea(l) apparatus whose endless search engine never finds the right answer.



An endless search engine...



Or: target(ed) (life style) practice.

The ideally created place to go, the faux-closure that would finally, once and for all, unfinish the work-in-progress, the end to the journey to the end of the night.

The journey to the end of the night is full of nothing, nothing but struggle, struggle AS nothingness, AS writing, AS survival.

The empty spaces of Digital Being projected on a screenal interface that supposedly takes place in a contemporary art context, as if such a thing could really exist.

There is no contemporary.

Time has no time for retrospection.

Only the Now of a presence-in-absence facilitating the narrative momentum of a nomadic concept forever in motion, moving in rhythm to the blurring narcosis of night come day, day come night, image come text, text come image, exhibition come publication, publication come exhibition, death come life come style come practice...

**The journey to the end of the night
does not ever reach its much-vaunted conclusion,
its well-publicized ending, the light of day.**

The journey proceeds by launching (by always initializing) a dream-narrative application whose sole purpose is to write into being the pseudo-autobiographical work-in-progress his LIFE STYLE PRACTICE has become.

Her LIFE STYLE PRACTICE had become...

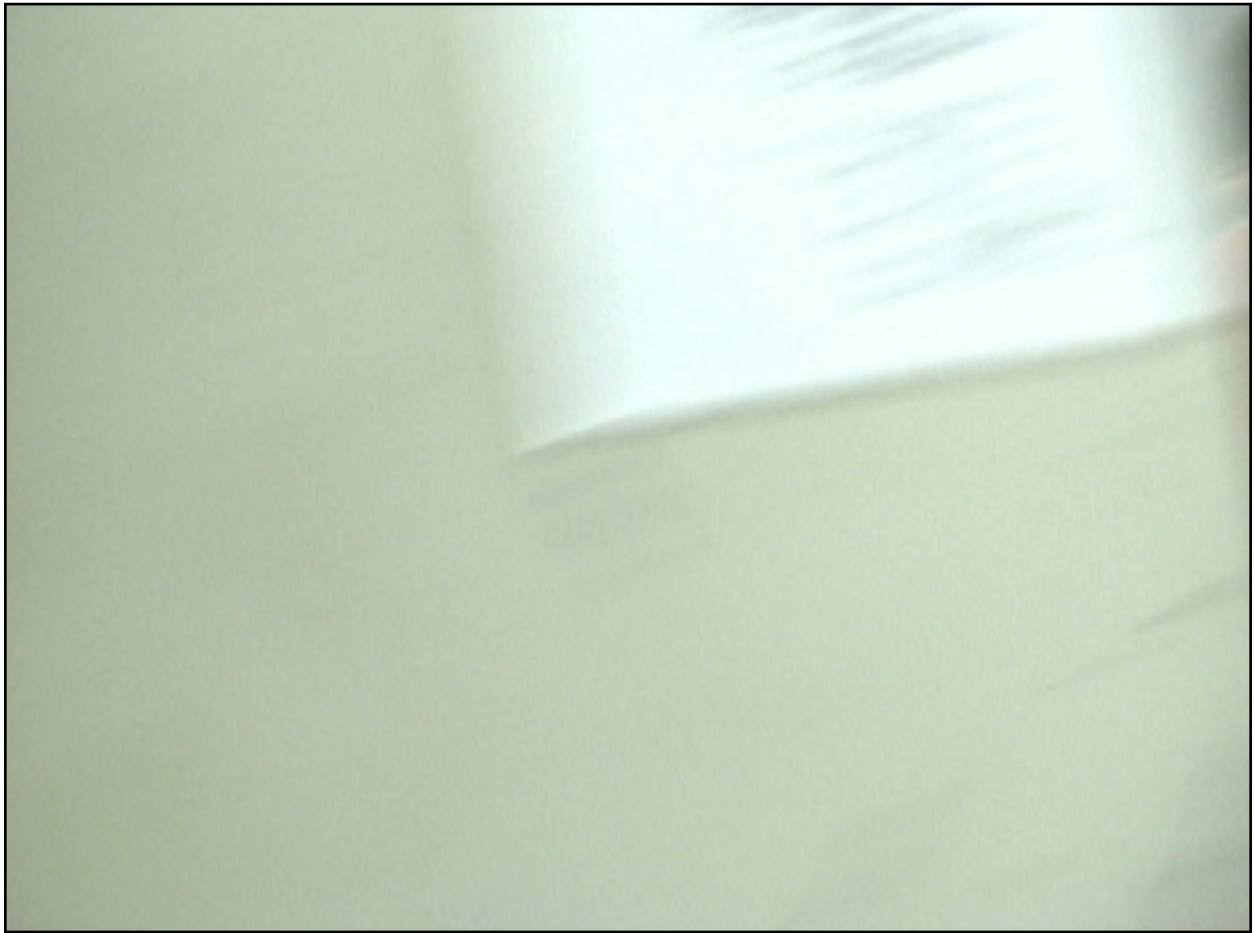
LIFE STYLE PRACTICE itself becoming...

...a running application...

...traversing interior landscapes never before visited.

Sometimes he feels like he has been here before and its déjà vu all over again...but different.

The Digital Thoughtographer is a moving picture book.



Consciousness momentarily captured
while moving out of frame.

**As Borges reminds him, Berkeley,
in his “Principle of Human Knowledge”
acknowledges the following:**

“That neither our thoughts, nor passions, nor ideas formed by the imagination, exist without the mind, is what everybody will allow. And it seems no less evident that the various sensations or ideas imprinted on the sense, however blended or combined together (that is, whatever objects they compose) cannot exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving them...”

Whereas Duchamp has said: “To all appearances, the artist acts like a mediumistic being who, from the labyrinth beyond time and space, seeks his way out to a clearing.”

Berkeley, again: “...the absolute existence of unthinking things without any relation to their being perceived...”

And Duchamp: “If we give the attributes of a medium to the artist, we must then deny him the state of consciousness on the esthetic plane about what he is doing or why he is doing it.”

These unthinking things. I see them all the time.

Sometimes they speak to me. Not “voices” coming out of the unthinkable, but speech translating the conscious bodies stuck in unthinking time.

Their essence is OF perception, of being perceived.

Is it possible that the objects of our thought exist without our minds activating their presence in acts of conscious capturing?

She is here, now. I can see her. I can capture her. But what if I don't see her? Is her time spent elsewhere?

Yes, of course, her body is elsewhere.

But what if she were a happening? A scene of writing? A work of conceptual art? A Digital Being?

**Once we consciously capture the image of
Digital Being, what action-script is already in place
that makes our conception of it come to life,
come to life as a thing-in-the-world?**

Digital Being comes to life as it comes to writing.

Always writing, always coming, always living as a thing-in-the-world.

And what if this thing-in-the-world that we are consciously capturing were to emit a kind of "radical intersubjectivity" that spurs us on to kick-start another potential narrative that feels as though it has been tweaked by an act of performative perception?

Would this feel like fiction?

A mock-documentary?

An onto-rhetorical drift composed of interlinked meme constructions?

A dataplay?

Or, how about an orchestration of writerly effects?

Another episode in network conduction?

A site/cite specific ebook to end all ebooks?

When what is being perceived is suddenly articulated as composing a radical intersubjectivity, as if the social narrative were our networked LIFE STYLE PRACTICE, and our own sense of space and the time we spend in it is automatically tweaked, can it then be said that our desire, our tendency toward being-interactive, is part of some programmed action-script embedded in the code of Digital Being?

In my mind, I point and click on You.

How will you respond? What will you do? How will you behave?

Where will you take me?

Once again, I ask: "Who am I Now?"

Digital Being?

Ways of Seeing?

Writing and Difference?

Sein Und Zeit?

Image/Music/Text?

Throw of the Dice?

The Book of Questions?

Philosophical Investigations?

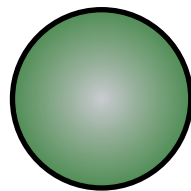
A New Refutation of Time?

Principles of Human Knowledge?

DJ Amerika Remixing Art History Inside An
Onto-Rhetorical Study of the Body?

The Body As Nonplace Writing Space?

No doubt...



**At a certain point, I, an alien lightform,
become the landscape.**



**First I enter, then I surmise, then I preview,
then I scan until, finally, I capture and bury
myself deep inside it.**

As such, I have no life. I have no history.

Or: am only history, in the making, reinventing itself as a nomadic presence-in-absence who constantly resolves to refute the concept 'succession' (the orgasm of life as the simultaneity of discharged writing scenes).

I deny, in a variety of prepositional postures, the successive.

I deny the contemporary as well.

For all eternity.

Nothingness is a sigh of eternity, a conscious capturing of the infinite.

The infinite body (in extremis).

An amateur, once and forever.

A lover: passionate and full of ideas or, one idea, exactly.

The One Idea Exactly: to move beyond the contemporary without retrospection.

The impossibility of it all.



The desert apparition, wandering though the open text of DB (digital being, database, dissoluting border, dream body), is never previous.

There is no previous existence. Each moment is autonomous.

Neither vengeance nor pardon nor prison nor even internal
oblivion translating the archeological circulation of a
bloodstream infused with an ancient blend of remorseful DNA,
can modify the invulnerable past.

This passing moment of conscious capturing, which attracts your
attention and immediately moves beyond it, can be the duration
of the history of the universe, a history which I dissociate myself
from even as I find myself being remixed into it.

As I, the written, move off of the page and into the screenal
spaces of Digital Being, Time ceases to exist as the bedrock of
thoughts placed in historical perspective.

For this, we eternally return.

Now and forever.

**Conceptual Art Ebook-Happening In Site-Specific
Performance Environment With Literary Figures
Nomadically Wandering Through An Open Field of
Relational Aesthetics.**

Or: composing a network.

**An onto-rhetorical assemblage action-scripted into
narrative momentum.**

As if we were going somewhere.

As if we had all the time in the world.

As if there were some endgame worth winning.

When all we really want is more.

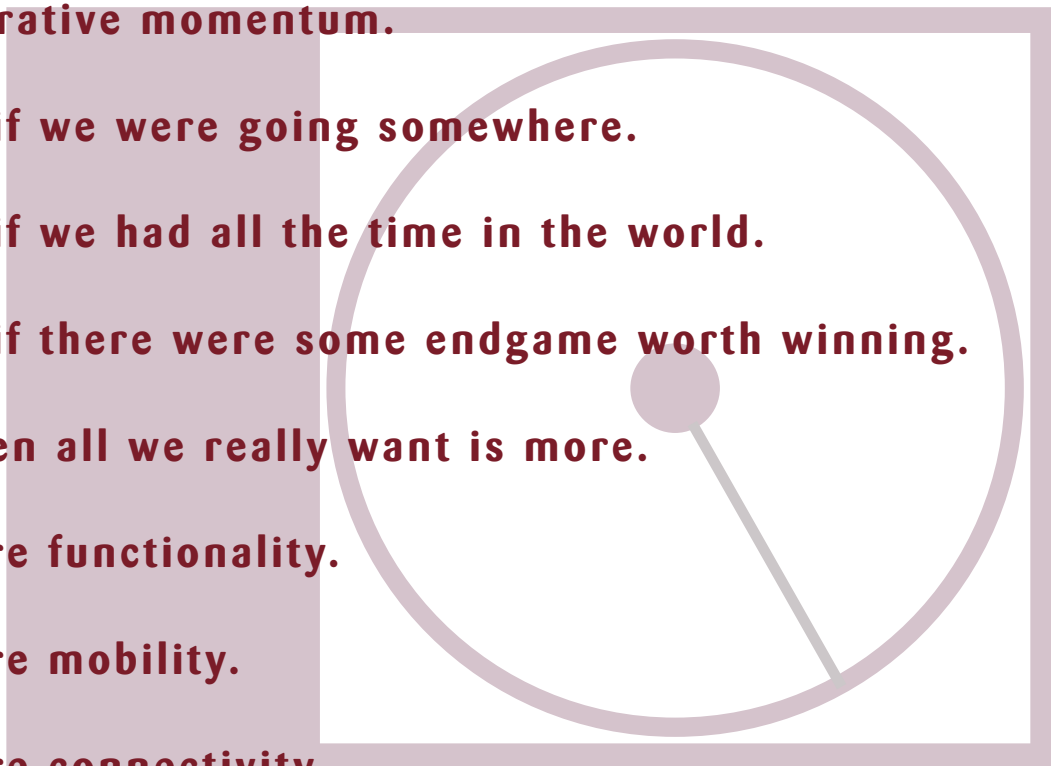
More functionality.

More mobility.

More connectivity.

More more.

**To navigate our bodies through (our bodies of
knowledge, our political bodies).**



Our bodies of work.

My mind plays tricks on me but then, in a flash, leaves me alone, only to start playing tricks on the environment I'm not-so-subtly passing through.

The Camera Eye as Search Engine, locating more non-places to lose myself in so that I may engage in the Grand Interactive Fiction -- the renegade spy faking an endgame.

Coming.

I go on, I can't go on.

Welcome to The Greatest Show On Earth:

"Endtroducing our newest, bestest, furry freak performer, whose mind's eye, envisioning state-of-the-art interfaces, will now create, before your varied eyes, a narrative to end all narratives, an animated semiosphere guaranteed to rupture the ideological bent of every Luddite the world has ever seen, the one, the only —
[The Digital Thoughtographer!](#)"

Thinking hard, the [DT](#) imprints a heavily coded action-script onto the place of mind that is no-place, burning onto passing cerebral disks a laser language composed of remixed tautologies complete with accompanying soundtrack ("the best part of the piece, by far," according to one critic who still has a job to do).

The DT speaks or, better yet, rhetorically raps:

This is not literature.

I do not write literature.

I am a network practitioner.

I conduct polyvocal consciousness.

I remix viral ostranenie.

I am creating a pseudo-autobiographical work-in-progress
with an anticipated completion date of _____.

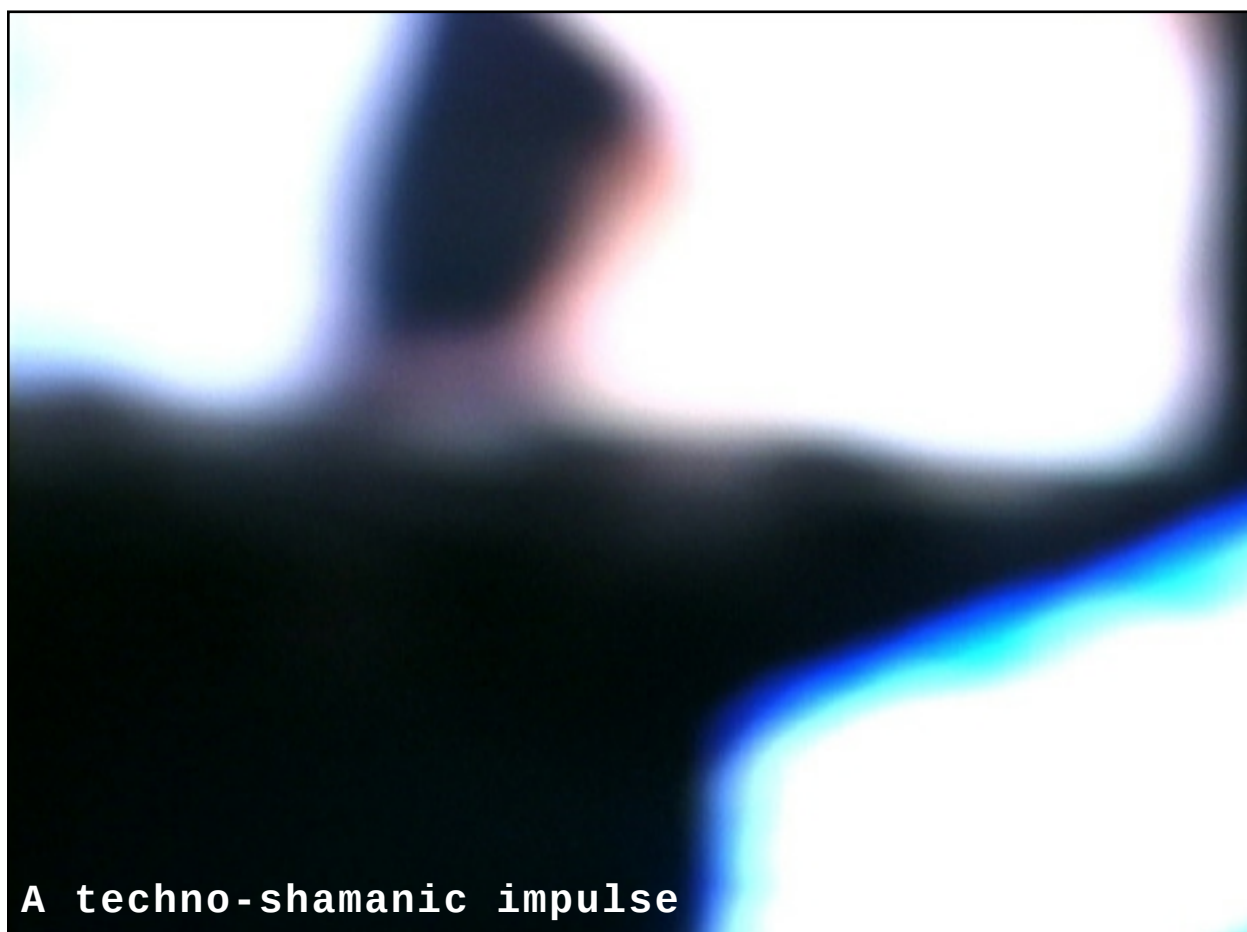
Please do not disturb.

Event processing.

Event compiling.

Event living.

One bodystream a meta-text
versioning history unwinding.



A techno-shamanic impulse

conducting sacred energy routines.

The Wandering Jew consciously captures the image of You voyeuristically rendering Me into your never-ending stream of conscious thought.

We are trading thoughts now.

You are forming opinions of me as this language trip triggers your own digital thoughtography.

You pull out your melting art gun and shoot me blind.

"I can see what you mean."

Who says that? Who says that Now?

Do I, as a digitally-manipulated body (of work) embedded in the open source code of barely-with-it Being, annul all chance? But how can I? Even with snake eyes, I come up two, and two is better than one —or zero...no?



Is this the only way it can be?

The ways are discontinuous.

Endless histories of the universe consciously captured in an orgy of simultaneous moments, where Utopia breeds passion, breeds production, breeds culture, breeds contempt.

There are ways of seeing, of being seen, of being the seer.

Seen being what?

The Kino-Eye – in response to the distant horizon?

The Kamera-“I”

Streaming

“Amerika” ... ?

Kamera + "I" = Amerika.

More time code gaging the present?

The future-present?

The future-perfect?

Utopian Dreamweaver...

Does it all eventually end up in the trash?

("Are you sure you want to empty the trash?")

Or is the live archive aspect of Digital Being perpetually
predisposed toward creative exhibitionism?

Presence-in-absence or death-do-you-part?

She who lives by the sword...

But time is on your side — ?

There is no contemporary.

And if there is no contemporary, there can be no
contemporary art.

I have no history to speak of.

Only Now.

And as (of) Now, my retrospective can only be a re-
fashioning of the present, of presence-in-absence, of living
on Internet time...

To subvert even subversion -- or
the subversion of forms...

There is no thought without body.
Where I speak from, where I am always silent
while walking, my body is the body of my thought.

I am a walking thoughtbody.

It occurs to me, while walking,
that body thoughts corrupt thought bodies.

The Digital Thoughtographer writes himself into the
interface of Being and Time, and engages with the
Interactive Other.

The Interactive Other appears as an apparition, a ghost-
audience performing an improvisational role in the
happening that writes itself into being, the total sum
formation of all things written and to be written...

This Interactive Other
(I/O: input-output),
a critifictional concept-character
who reads me and in reading me
becomes a writer, distributes a
streaming filmtext that burns an
energy routine on to the
screenal body.

At first, I think this IO is none other than the utopian
ideal of a collective consciousness forever-forming
(and morphing) on the Net, a kind of Global Brain or
Total Work of Digital Being — the Ultimate Meme-
Machine Generating Now-Consciousness Within The
Most Sovereign Peer-To-Peer Network An Open
Source Society Could Ever Dream Of Becoming.

But then I think, again, in repetition:

body thoughts corrupt thought bodies.



Input/Output: Tele-robotic presence in the field of action.



A Color-Me-Beautiful Make-Up Artist On A Metaphysically Violent Rampage.

The IO's presence-in-absence navigates through the onto-rhetorical narrative space and consciously captures an imagetext in-formation.

The effect of engaging with this reconstructed screenal interface is to question—to submit the scene (of writing, of ongoing cinescripture) to interrogation.

But then I think, again, in endless repetition: body thoughts corrupt thought bodies.

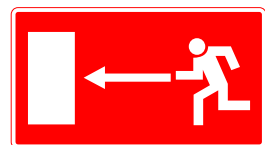
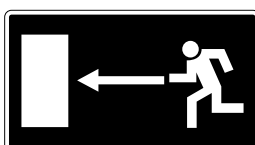
Does the void torment the void?

Is there an ultimate openness embedded in open source code?

How do letters rhetorically exhibited in the Gallery of Fine Lawyerly Things, showcase a mysterious power that all are conditioned to accept as the rules governing their movement's fate?

Does the Open Source Society deconstruct or otherwise destroy these powerful conditions?

Who can force artists to protect themselves from themselves, from their potential audience, from the people who are their life blood?





What will it take to decompose the intellectual property laws that restrict us from becoming who we are capable of becoming?

Do we want to manifest the Ultimate Meme-Machine Generating Now-Consciousness?

Do we want to engage with The Most Sovereign Peer-To-Peer Network An Open Source Society Could Ever Dream Of Becoming?

Perhaps these are just idealistic, abstract thoughts — just interrogations — but will the idea of the Messiah (the Messiah as Idea) manifest itself in the body of a thought produced by a writer cum Digital Thoughtographer?

A conceptual artist curating a psuedo-autobiographical work-in-progress that is always already on display (exhibited), even when in hiding?

What sensibility — what intelligence — could read into this body of thought, and out of it construct yet another subversive form of Digital Being?

Where is the Plug-N-Play Artist?

Rimbaud: “To each being several other lives were due.”

And I try to live them all, walking through them all, into them all, between them all.

Never becoming any of them, finally, once and for all.

The narrative I pass through remains a mystery.

Like a cloud, it changes as it goes.

It cancels the past while accelerating the present into the future so fast that I am already changing into someone else before I get there.

This is problematic (the image never has a chance to become an image, the artist never has a chance to become an artist as such, you are never given a chance to finally, once and for all, become yourself).

And yet, I am me.

Or: this is who I am.

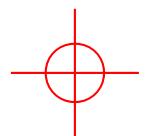
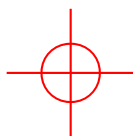
I am Now.

A Digitally-Remixed Master (Copy).

Relocating lost aura.

Not for nostalgic purposes.

But as an attempt to create a new utilitarian model for an emergent
LIFE STYLE PRACTICE.



Aura as tool.

As in “tooling around the desert in search of a metaphor.”

Something to transport me from here to there.

My nomadic meme generating Now consciousness.

Is this why I walk alone?

I carry my network with me wherever I go.

This is who I am.

The Networked Now.

A narrative of contradictions, of affirmations torn by contradictions and riddled with toxic thoughts.

What is a thought but the expression of its mastered contradictions?

A cool copycat covering someone else's remixed tune.

Artist as tool.

Why this? Why now?

To master these contradictions while playing ones thoughts as if writing a digitally-remixed version tweaked with filters programmed to accentuate life's intermittent glitches?

This is what it means to struggle through a landscape with a heavily manipulated downtempo soundtrack.

This is what it means to subtly groove to the mysterious resonance of an absent interface that has out-survived the technology that gave birth to its potential.

Nailed to nothingness, the madness buzzing like flies attracted to shit or the rapid decomposition of an artist mourning his own execution (photographic self-portrait captured on digital film?).

The Digital Thoughtographer thinks bad thoughts.

Is written in these thoughts as sand is written in the desert.

"To earn oblivion," says the DT, "is to consciously capture ones own ongoing ungoing crucifiction."

The DT as alien lightform consciously capturing schizophrenic energy routines as they handshake with foreign protocols.



“This is no longer me, myself, an I,” says the DT, “this is the digital debris of all conscious thought coalescing into a remarkable beauty that once was.”

He feels himself being printed.

Printed up.

Another print job.

The resemblance of a former self.

Imprinted on an ancient interface, like chisel to stone.

A solid, upstanding citizen (of the world).

Fixed in place.

Forever?

But what is forever when fixed in place?

A pixellated persona performs punctuated pirouettes
as a temper-tantrum tantalizing Time.

“Take that, poor printer!”

Now see you it, now you don’t.

Writing comes, writing goes.

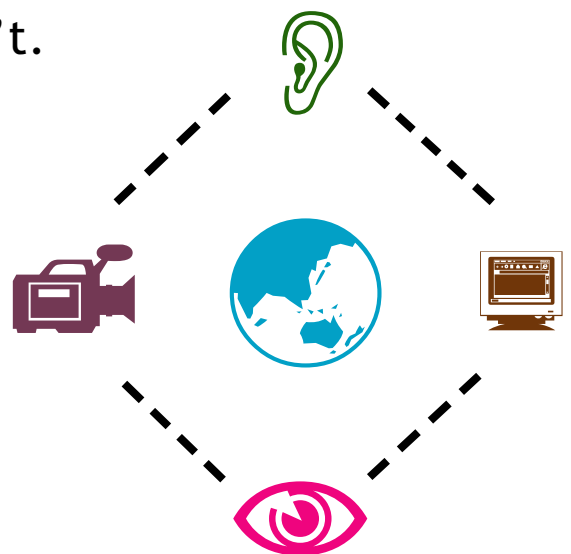
It comes.

Flux.

Link.

Abort.

Reboot?



"I carry my network with me wherever I go."

Dreams that money can buy.

The interiorized Netscape

falling

falling

falling

still

still

still

life

(with pushed over cart of apples)

Branding a name, securing a fluxus identity with dada-esque repercussions, there is Exactly One Text, the Every Only Love God, a "necessary angel" in whose sight we see the world all over again.

But what happens when this Modern Master, the omniscient narrator paring his fingernails, gets nailed to nothingness and, in the process, becomes digitally-remixed into an open source environment that rids us of authority – of authors?

Author function now morphs into author dysfunction and the written is submitted to an interrogation that only live, on-the-fly sampling/manipulating can get a grasp on, and it's not even a grasp that takes place.

"Rip me. Burn me. Remix me into your network aura..."

This is part of the dream narrative application, the romance of doing it yourself, as an amateur, a passionate lover, one who survives for the sake of (always) being born.

Born with birthing, and spawning versions of itself that no longer lose value with each subsequent copy but that, instead, gain value as meme-momentum in the attention economy.

Who authors this attention economy?

The Pure Idea Generator?

No, not one. But many.

Generations of generation.

Packet-switching stations routing the ghosts of virtual subjectivity.

All who compete with their desire to go public, to publicize their presence-in-absence, to create site-specific brand-name identity in the cathedrals of money.

To monetize the aesthetic inclination, to turn avant-garde capitalism into the fine art of making money, creating wealth, producing value, etc.

Is this what it means to be a conceptual artist wandering the desert of Digital Being?

Digital Being surrounds you the way the landscape becomes you as you walk in it — as you walk through it and become it.

This reciprocity generates a rhythm — a life momentum — all to its own, and when the rhythm is of the purest transparency possible, you lose yourself in it and life passes you by.

Knowing this, being self-conscious of the rhythm as it tries to take you over, is what making art is all about.

This is when the Digital Thoughtographer is caught dancing in the dark.

The journey to the end of the night is full of such darkness. The danger is never far from home.

Madness, joy, tragedy, the effervescence of a leaking desire spilling its secret love code onto the sand and leaving it wet with anticipation, with meaning-cum-life.

But sometimes the sand will cut you, will make you fill with pus and the infections of all who have walked before you.

These are the wounds that wake us up, that permit us to live in self-reflexive composition.

“The wounds are deeper than we tend to believe,” says Rabbi Selavy, “and they are often times invisible.”

***Desire gnawing at the
edge of consciousness.***



***A ragged edge that conforms
to the space it is written on.***

Everything dies of being thought.

All thinking questions death and death is always questioning us.

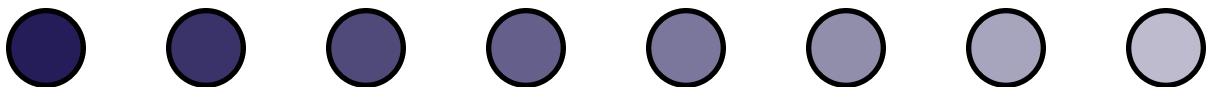
The thought of death perpetuates itself in the question of death and, in the end, all thinking is immersed in this thought of death.

Out of these thoughts grow a multitude of Othernesses, potential narratives that are always summoned to bloom.

Once the potential narratives rise above the surface appearance of things, the identity process, for better or worse, begins.

This is when your life-story, as a consequence of endless questioning and inevitable thoughts of death, becomes (inter)mediated by the landscape (the environment) you port yourself through.

You have no control over this (inter)mediating process which then leads to still other questions — and out of these questions blossom still other stories searching for ways to achieve their own narrative potential (also out of your control).



At one point in his wanderings (always a point, a faux-period in time, but perhaps on the verge of becoming an ellipsis), the Digital Thoughtographer, Reb A., says:

“How is this thought my latest desert bloom?”

But no sooner is the question asked, then another thought, this one in conflict with the first, appears as a counterpoint (counter-ellipsis?):

“This thought, this desert bloom, has been here longer than I have. Only now have I even noticed it, and in noticing it, in seeing it and notating it as having been seen for what it is, I now see that it is not mine at all and that I can never really know it.”

These thoughts, like desert blooms, resist ownership.

One cannot own a thought any more than they can patent a particular walk through the desert.

The desert, like the mind it operates in, is the landscape where open source is visited and revisited.



The Digital Thoughtographer (re)discovers the narrative potential of open source code, of social software, in the solitude of the desert — the desert of the real where radical intersubjectivity blooms.

Where sand converges and conducts energy as silicon, the Digital Thoughtographer (a desert prophet, a techno-shaman, a conceptual artist who carries their network with them wherever they go) lives.

The deserted spaces of VR (the illusory “Net”), where all narrative potential exists as if composed of untold universes waiting for their collective-authors, have been corrupted by viral data disseminated by the commercial captains of consciousness who prefer to do our thinking for us.

This is the ultimate madness for which there is no cure.

Can the Digital Thoughtographer write his way out of this faux-reality?

Can he write himself out of existence?

Only Time will tell ...

...or not tell ...

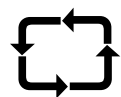
...as only Time can ...

...or can't ...

...not Now ...

...not ever ...

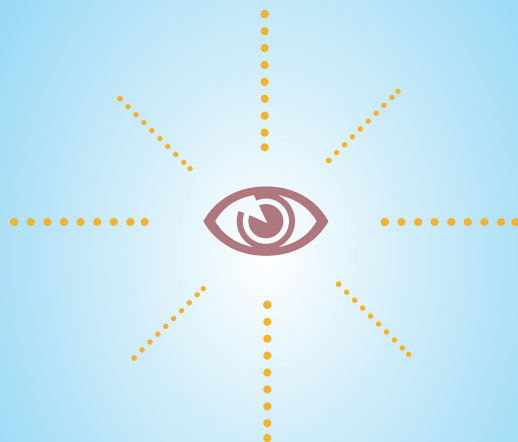
...never ...





The artist wishes to thank all of the other Digital Thoughtographers who informed this meditation, especially Stephane Mallarme, Jorge Luis Borges, Edmond Jabes, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Roland Barthes, Ronald Sukenick, and Arthur Rimbaud.

CINESCRIPTURE.1



DESIGN • LAYOUT • DIGITAL PROCESSING

J . P . W I L L I A M S

Images on pages

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BY MARK AMERIKA